The Liberalist

Volume XXXI OCTOBER, 1954 Number 7

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

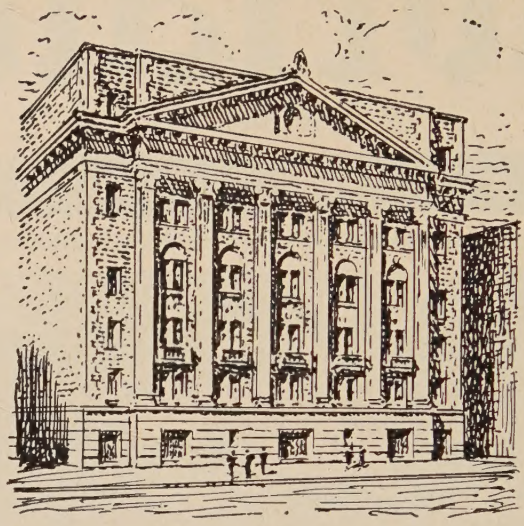
A VAGABOND SONG

Bliss Carman

There is something in the autumn that is
native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rime,
With the yellow and the purple and the
crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me
like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon
the hills.

There is something in October sets the
gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by
name.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

ON the many times I have crossed the Atlantic I have never permitted Belfast, Ireland, to be left out of my itinerary. In a way I think of Belfast as almost my second home. As a little boy I was told many times about County Antrim, Ballymena, the Glens of Antrim and the City of Belfast. I remember in my childhood when I was studying geography, whenever the teacher mentioned Belfast and Ireland it touched a tender chord in my heart even in those far-off days. Of course the primary reason for my attitude about Ireland is to be found in the fact that it was the first foreign country that I ever heard very much about. I made up my mind during my high school days that if I ever had an opportunity to travel, the first place I would go would be to Ireland. And it was. I have been returning every year for many years and the love and affection which I have for the land and people of Ireland grows increasingly as the shadows of my own life lengthen.

I meet many Americans abroad and I am always startled with two facts which I usually learn from them. Whether I am in Great Britain or on the Continent I invariably ask them "Have you been to Ireland?" and the usual answer is "No." And then I ask them, "What are you preparing to see and where are you going?" And to my amazement they tell me of the number of places, the number of countries and the number of miles they are going to cover within a matter of a few weeks, and I am left all but speechless.

There are two great mistakes which people make in planning a trip to the other side of the Atlantic. The first mistake is to leave out visiting Ireland. I have talked with many, many travelers already this Fall who were abroad this summer and I have not met one single traveler who visited Ireland. There are many reasons for this, of course, and I think I know most of them, but that any of them is valid I cannot help but deny. Ireland is no longer inaccessible in any way. One of the finest airports in the world is at Shannon, and it is nearer to the United States than any other part of Europe, and if you go by air the flight is safe, convenient and fast. Then some of the finest ships on the Atlantic sail from New York to Cobh. One can go on the "Mauretania" from New York to Cobh, Ireland in the same length of time one can take the "United States" to LeHavre, in France. The "America," another fine ship, goes direct to Ireland from New York, and I could name several others.

The arrival in Cobh, Ireland, is usually in the early morning. This year I was up just at dawn to see the first lights, and stood on deck until we were at anchor in the harbor. The tenders which come out to the ship are spacious and comfortable and interesting. It is a thrilling experience to leave a great ocean liner at anchor and walk down the gangplank to a tender and then look back at the ship which has been your home. One gets a view of the ship which you do not get when it is alongside a pier. I have some striking pictures of the ships which I have taken to Ireland from the tender. It is a very short distance to the pier and you walk off the ship into the customs house and the trains are waiting for you just a few steps beyond the customs.

This past year I was through customs and on a train bound for Dublin in less than ten minutes. There is a

steamer train which waits for the ship's passengers, but it just happened that I was through customs early and here was another fine train that left an hour before the steamer train, which I took to Dublin. The passengers on that train were all Irish people and if I had taken the steamer train I would have been traveling with the same crowd with whom I had crossed the ocean.

The Irish trains are not the finest nor the best trains in the world, but we must remember that it is a little island, the distances are not great compared with ours, but they are comfortable, they are fast, and above all, the trainmen are co-operative and gracious. Sometimes some of our own people associated with transportation in this country could learn much in courtesy, in kindness to the public and to travelers, if they would take a train journey in Ireland or Great Britain.

The ride from Cobh up to Cork and then from Cork to Dublin is through some beautiful countryside, typically Irish, traditionally green, and even though we are all accustomed to the color green in nature, the Irish green has a depth and a quality which I have never seen anywhere else in the world.

I spoke to the head of a well-known and long-established travel agency the other day in Chicago and asked him why they do not encourage their patrons to visit Ireland. He replied immediately and unhesitatingly "Because the physical comforts are not what they are in other parts of Europe." I asked him what he meant by that and he said "The first-class hotels are rare and the plumbing facilities in the smaller villages are inadequate" and he went on to describe a lot of things that I, who have been in every county in Ireland in visiting it year after year, did not know anything about. The trouble is, we Americans are so gadget-conscious that unless we can duplicate in our travels everything which we have at home we feel that we could not possibly endure the necessary adaptations to situations which we do not have at home. This type of argument always irritates me. The larger cities in Ireland have excellent hotels. Not as lavish as the Waldorf Astoria of New York, or the Conrad Hilton, the Blackstone, Drake or Congress, in Chicago, but personally I do not go abroad to duplicate that which I find at home.

The Gresham and the Shelbourne Hotels in Dublin, the Grand Central Hotel in Belfast and many others I could mention are as comfortable, the management is as co-operative, and the service as excellent as you will find in any hotel in Europe. And as far as scenery is concerned, there is no coastline in the British Isles anywhere, more rugged, impressive, or of more over-powering grandeur than the scenic Antrim Coast Road, with the beauty of the Antrim Glens for the first few miles and then the rugged, jagged, rock-bound coast all the way to the Giant's Causeway. If you know any American soldier who was stationed north of Belfast during the war years (and there were hundreds) ask him about the scenery. The West Coast is equally appealing to one who loves the elemental beauty of sea and rocky coast meeting. The Lakes of Killarney, the River Shannon, the Bay of Galway, straight up the coast to Londonderry will always remain in one's memory.

Continuing one's journey from Ireland to England is not at all difficult. There is excellent and frequent plane service, there are splendid channel steamers and the trip itself is rewarding. This year I had planned to go from Belfast to Glasgow on the overnight steamer, but I learned the morning of the day I had planned to sail

The British News Agency

U. S. Ambassador to Ireland, William Howard Taft, and Dr. Preston Bradley, in conversation at Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland. Ambassador Taft is the son of the late Senator Robert Taft, and the grandson of the former President of the United States, William Howard Taft.

that there was a steamer leaving at three in the afternoon that arrived in Andronam, Scotland before dark, so I changed my bookings and took the daylight steamer. It was the most delightful few hours of my entire summer. We left Belfast and went down Belfast Lock, passing the great shipyards of Belfast. The new ship which the Queen came to Belfast and christened shortly after was riding majestically alongside the yard where her keel was laid. Then up the coast until we headed across the channel by Paddy's Milestone, and with every moment the coast of Scotland rising in loveliness. I thought then and I have often thought since, as I talked with people about their trip to Europe, what a pity anyone should miss this beautiful island.

Many people, when they go to

Europe, go immediately to some continental port, do the Continent, see several countries' capitals, in a hectic, confused, rushed manner, darting from one gallery to another, one cathedral to another, one hotel to another, until their whole impressions are so jumbled that, while they have seen a lot, the impressions are meagre. Then they come back from the Continent to England and from Southampton or Liverpool sail for home. Many of their impressions are distortions. They go to the conventional places and do the conventional things. They visit areas which are studiously designed to attract American tourists and even though they are in the midst of a thousand years and more of history and of civilization, of culture and religion, they get such a superficial impression that sometimes it seems it would almost have been better if they had remained at home. I would rather go to one or two spots in Britain or Europe and stay a week or ten days and see it thoroughly and well and get into the atmosphere and spirit and mood of the people, than I would to dog-trot all over Europe and come back with only opinions about food and the inconveniences of travel.

* * *

After my interesting Dublin experiences of which I told you last month, it was with great reluctance that I left there, but with as always a most pleasant anticipation for Belfast. My dear friends, the E. Savell Hicks, and Mrs. Cyril Saville, saw me to the Belfast train. I try to carry as little baggage with me as possible when traveling abroad and have learned by experience that the less one takes the better. I travel with only two suitcases. The porter service at all stations is exceptionally good, but there it ends, for after your baggage has been put in your own compartment in the train you are on your own. On arriving at a station you have to summon a porter to come into the car and handle your baggage. There is none on the train itself.

Going from Dublin to Belfast we crossed the border. At the border the train stopped and immigration and customs inspectors came through. It is a strange experience, traveling in a country where there is only an imaginary frontier, where the same language is spoken on both sides of the border, where the people pass from the north to the south and the south to the north every day, and where there are friends and families in both sections of the country. I am not going to get involved here in a political argument about the partition of Ireland. There is something to be said on both sides, but the partition was responsible for several days of quite severe suffering for me.

A few minutes before we arrived at the border a Guard, as they are called, went through the train, opened the door of my compartment and said, "All baggage open for inspection at the border." My two bags, and they are quite heavy, were in a rack above me. I lifted one of them out of the rack and set it on the floor without any difficulty. The other one was much heavier because I had accumulated some books and they always add much to baggage weight. Just as I was to lift the bag off the rack, standing in the seat, the train gave a sudden lurch and the bag and myself came down to the floor. I tried to protect the bag from falling and in doing so wrenched a vertebra in my back. The pain was very severe for several days, but I never missed an engagement nor an appointment nor anything which I wanted to do or see, even though I walked like an old man and found it difficult to move about.

I preached the following Sunday for

my dear friend, the Rev. John McCleery, who many in our church will recall from the days when he was a young student here at Meadville School, at the University of Chicago. He has often been in our Chicago church and in our home. His father was one of Ireland's most beloved ministers. His mother is still living and was in my congregation in Dunmurry. The Non-subscribing Presbyterian Church of Dunmurry is one of the most historic churches in Ireland. The great theologian, Dr. Montgomery, was the minister for many years and is buried in the churchyard. The pulpit is a very high pulpit and very small. You walk up the pulpit stairs, open a little door and step inside. There is only room for one person and one cannot move a step during a sermon. I sat in a pulpit chair beneath the stairs during the preliminary service, which was conducted by the Rev. McCleery, and when it became time for me to preach and walk up those stairs, I don't know what the congregation thought, because it was all I could do to get into the pulpit.

I look forward to my annual visit to the Dunmurry Church and to renewing my friendship with Mrs. McCleery, her sister Ollie and their two lovely daughters. Mr. McCleery's mother lives nearby and was in the congregation. I first met her many years ago when her husband was the minister of the church in Laroo, Ireland. She is a gracious and charming Irish lady of the old school. That evening I had the honor of returning to the pulpit of All Souls Church in Belfast, where the Rev. Dr. Arthur L. Agnew, O. B. E. is the famous minister. Dr. Agnew has the largest congregation in our church in the British Isles. He has been there for more than thirty years, as I recall, and I first preached for him when the congregation met in the York Street Church in 1926. It was then that they presented Mother and me with a beautiful set of Irish linen, a shillalah which hangs on my Study wall and which I can look up and see as I write these words, and also my blackthorn cane, which is my ocean mascot. Ever since it was presented to me in 1926 I have carried it across the ocean on every trip I have made. The York Street Church was completely demolished during the frightful air raids over Belfast. The congregation had been out of the church on that tragic Sunday evening only an hour when there was a direct hit and their building was aflame and in shambles. A vacant spot where the building stood still stands, a ghastly scar on York Street, not far from the heart of Belfast. The congregation then united with All Souls Church, which had been spared the bombing, and Dr. Agnew's effective and growing ministry has been going on through the years.

The All Souls Church building is a beautiful gothic structure and I always enjoy preaching there. The service started at 6:30 in the evening. The congregation overflowed the building. Chairs were brought into the aisles, the choirloft was filled with people as well as the choir, and loudspeakers carried the service to a recently modernized and splendidly equipped hall, which the congregation has re-possessed after its being used by the government during the war period. It was not only the size of the congregation which told me of the fruitful labor of its minister and his associates, but it was the presence of many people who are leaders in the civic and educational life of the City of Belfast and of Queen's College, one of the fine colleges in the British Isles. In the congregation was the distinguished Dean of the Law Department of Queen's University, Professor J. L. Montrose. I enjoyed meeting him and

he invited me to the convocation of Queen's University which was held the following Wednesday. This was another experience which was so impressive that it always will remain in my mind. The graduation ceremony was held in the Sir William Whitla Hall and was for the students from the faculties in the schools of the arts, law, economics and theology. There I was privileged to hear, as the commencement speaker, the Chancellor of Queen's University, Field Marshal The Viscount Alanbrooke, K.G., G.C.B., O.M., G. C. V. O., D.S.O., LL.D. The Chancellor and great Field Marshal, The Viscount Alanbrooke, is a name known around the world. He was one of the most famous men in the military operations of the last war.

I wish I had space to give a resume of his address, but the heart of it was an appeal for the young people who were being graduated that day to help in the construction of a favorable environment for the establishment of peace. Like all men who have had intimate relationship with war, he spoke frankly and courageously in opposition to war as a solution for the problems of the world.

Dr. Agnew and his fine, helpful wife and companion, Dr. Isobel Caldwell (for she is a practicing physician under her maiden name in the City of Belfast), the Rev. and Mrs. John McCleery and I, spent a lovely day going up the Antrim Coast and visiting again the Irish family who live in the farm cottage "Brockaghs" at Glen Dun, up from Cushendun. I renewed my friendship with the James McCormick family and sat with them again around a peat fire in their picturesque Irish cottage.

I also renewed my friendship with the group of young Irish architects whom I first met some years ago when they were students in Belfast. Now they are practicing their professions and continuing their study and work of architecture in the offices of the Belfast corporation.

My schedule was such this summer that I could only spend one Sunday in Belfast. I had already accepted a preaching assignment for the morning and the evening. This prevented my preaching in the First Presbyterian Church of Belfast, where I have preached in past years. The distinguished and scholarly minister of the church, the Rev. Dr. John McLachlan, who was formerly acting principal of Manchester College, Oxford, has been a very dear friend of mine for a long time, and although I was unable to preach in the First Church, I did spend the better part of a delightful day with Dr. and Mrs. McLachlan and his two remarkable children, whom I wrote about last year. Dr. McLachlan is one of the finest scholars in the British pulpit. He is the author of several books and articles and it is always a stimulating experience for me to be with him.

The International Congress of Liberal Religion meets in Belfast next July, and arriving on my Study desk only yesterday was an invitation from Dr. McLachlan to preach next July. I am looking forward to the meeting of the International Congress, as I have missed few of them in the past years. I have attended two Congresses at Oxford, one at Prague in Czechoslovakia, one in Amsterdam, Holland, and am anticipating the Congress next year in Belfast.

As I sailed out Belfast Loch on my way to Scotland, I stood on the deck of the steamer looking out on the coast of Ireland, expressing my gratitude for the friends I was leaving behind, for they mean much to me, and although it will be a long time before I see them again, their friendship grows more

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THE LIVING HUDSON

(Lines from a Historian's Notebook)

From this moist cliffside, nestled deep in leaves,
From a dreamer's lookout, at chessplay with old thoughts,
I gaze upon the River flowing majestically below me—
The proud, historic Hudson, between high, palisaded shores.
Mist-veiled after sunset, echoing the whistles of the city
And the smooth-plowing ferries, diamonded with lights,
Reflecting the tall, bright shoulders of the skyscrapers
And the festooned lights of the musical carrousel,—
O, smooth, deep-flowing River of the Manahatti,
Descending, descending forever from the blue gateways,
The spruce-sweet woodlands and long lakes of the Catskills,
The blue-green, pine-rich, birch-bright Adirondacks,
Redolent of the Redmen and moccasined *coureurs des bois!*—
Down from the Northland's white mornings into twilight
And fevered midnights of this warm and weary City—
Sleepless, monumental, impersonal, imperial—
To mingle in the living bosom of the interminable Ocean . . .

Alone here with the rhythmical humming of insects—
Crescendo, diminuendo—in the August foliage,
I pause from checkmating facts with arguments,
From rationalizing profits, losses, and endless wars,
From counting pennies and ambitions, to look and listen:
Slow-moving, silent, silver river-current,
Brushed with long-vanished plumes of History,
Rustling with the writing of the raindrops,
Dinted by the darting arrows of the Redmen,
Rippled by their swarming, swift canoes!—
Churned by the invading anchor of the *Halfmoon,*
The fat barges of Dutch patroons and half-breeds,
High-sterned frigates and British men-o'-war,
(Welcoming once even Russian squadrons),
Furrowed by the precariously paddling *Claremont,*
Deep-cloven by the huge steel prows of Today
Under the brazen ziggurats of Babylon!—
Yet still the same rich river, wonderful,
Descending from high verdures of green mountains
In sunlight, moonlight, starlight, summer and winter,
Pouring the tribute of numberless streams and freshets
Out of long yesterdays into unguessed tomorrows,
Out of colonial into imperial America,
Into the world-stream of the oncoming Future!——
Deep river, irresistible, unfretful,
Flowing forever mysteriously below us,
Cleansing and widening, murmurous and magical,
Bearing our burning hopes and sins to swift ablution,
Mingling our storm-tossed lives in the immenser Sea
That laves the shores of the divided world!

"Treetops,"
Edgewater, N.J.

—Brent Dow Allinson

"FAITH AND REASON IN RELIGION"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

Sunday, March 28, 1954

PROBLEMS! Problems! Problems! Problems—everywhere! There isn't an hour, hardly a moment, of your life or mine when we are not enmeshed in some problem. Decisions have to be made; policies have to be determined; problems have to be met! I do not propose to nor can I, within the area of this sermon which has to do with reason related to faith, approximate a solution to all of the problems with which we are surrounded. Our economic hazards; our diplomatic resistances and confusions; our inner political turmoil which covers our nation, and a hundred other things that come in and out of our lives every hour and every day of life. There is only one phase of this idea, this problem of reason and faith, which I propose to cover in the sermon this morning and that has to do with the doubting attitude in the minds of many about everything associated with religion.

There was a time in my own life when I doubted nothing about religion; there was a time in the early years when I never stopped to question the fact of God, the omnipotence of God, the omniscience of God; there was a time when the problems involved in the Birth and Life of Christ disturbed me not at all; there was a time when I never doubted the validity of the church as an ecclesiastical institution furthering the essence of Christian philosophy—it was the era of my early youth, when under the influence of the little church and the almost illiterate pastor, I never doubted any of the fundamentals of religion! Then as the years came on to me and I evolved in my own processes of thinking, of inquiry, of study, many many doubts came. Many of those doubts are still with me, and will be all the way of my life! But they are not having the power upon me, these doubts, which they once had—because with the mellowness of life and the deepening of the experiences of life, I begin to see more clearly the difference between the false and the true, and that gives a certain equilibrium of thought and it gives a certain stability of emotional attitude toward religion that I did not have in the early periods of my unquestioned affirmation as to the truth of religion! And it is within that segment that I'm speaking to you out of my heart this morning.

I would like to speak to some of those minds, particularly the minds of young people, who doubt anything of a supernatural character whatever, and who feel that anything, any truth, that cannot be demonstrated by the processes of reasoning is not a valid truth, and need not concern one; who feel that when they use the word "God," they want to circumscribe the whole area of God and want to know *all* there is to know about God! When they come to the question of some of the early origins of Christianity, they want to know all about them! Consequently, the attitude of mind that demands complete knowledge of the fundamentals of Christianity easily becomes a doubting mind and easily succumbs to the technique that "if I cannot prove this thing, it is not true! And

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The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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Published on the First Day of the Month

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EDITORIAL

IN any community one man cannot make a success of his business without in turn assisting all other business in his community. There is no such thing as prospering and succeeding alone. For every law in the physical world there is a corresponding law in the world of social, personal and international relations. Every physical law has its spiritual counterpart, and while the theory of relativity was advanced comparatively recently in the physical world, the same law in the world of human relationships goes back twenty centuries, when a great philosophic mind by the name of Paul said "No man liveth unto himself alone." *There* is the Einstein theory of relativity stated in terms of human relationships, that we can all understand and comprehend, and it was never more important that we do understand it than right now. The well-being of one person depends upon the well-being of all persons. There is no such thing in this world any more as any one nation living unto itself alone. And if an effort is ever made for one nation to live independently and detached from the other nations of the world, it will result in such wholesale economic, industrial and spiritual collapse for the nation that tries it, that no matter how powerful it thinks it is, it will inevitably become of little importance finally in the life of the world.

The individual who gets along best in society is the individual who co-operates best with his fellow men. I maintain that this same quality of co-operation of the larger units of a world society is just as essential. The analogy is not overdrawn. It fits perfectly and the truth of it stares at us from every page of human history. Where men have practiced co-operation and understanding and willingness to adjust themselves and work together, there has gone well-being, happiness and advancement. Whenever and wherever they have refused this technique, there has come war and poverty and suffering and tragedy. I often wonder why it is, with the experience that man has had, he still seems unwilling and unable to profit by his experience.

We must co-operate, confer, do business with the other countries of the world or the world will pass us by. If we are to avoid another world tragedy of still greater proportions than the last, it can only be done by a world of co-operation, which includes not only four or five big and powerful nations, but also the small nations and the inarticulate minorities of peoples.

FAITH AND REASON IN RELIGION

(*Continued from page* 10)

if it's not true, I don't want to have anything to do with it!" So a skeptical attitude of mind is created, particularly in so many young people—and older people too—and they lose the anchorage of life, and soon the superficial aspect of life seems more alluring and more attractive and very soon the moorings of life are pulled up and the things which constitute the true vitality of life become anemic and emaciated, and confusion lives in the heart and in the soul!

Now let us look at the problem for a moment or two and see what we can make of it! Religion is not the only area that is completely surfeited with problems, and I would be first to admit that under any quality of intellectuality religion is filled with problems! If we want to sit down and apply the coldly analytical, materialistic, logistic reasoning in connection with the problems of Christianity, we find there are myriads and myriads of them.

We find in the field of literature that problems exist! Take the problems of Shakespeare. Students of literature and drama have great difficulty with the origin of some of the plots of Shakespeare. They have great difficulty with the life of Shakespeare. There are many, many questions and problems about Shakespeare! When you enter into an analysis of the great love play of Romeo and Juliet, in Shakespeare, the modern psychologist would have a great many problems connected with both Romeo and Juliet, and they would be very deep problems! Admitting all that, Romeo and Juliet lived as the most superb lovers in all literature and the reality of that love transcends all the problems of the scholar!

There are great problems about nature! These laws of the cosmos; this strange manifestation of power which rises 20 miles into the sky and drops particles of radio-active dust on a little ship 800 miles away—while today,

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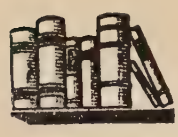
in the United States, the scientists are discovering radio-active dust over the United States! And the scientists today are revealing the presence of radio-active ash in your home! Great problems of nature! I do not understand them; no one understands them —not even the scientists, for the tragedy of Bikini was the tragedy of nature! That does not preclude my waiting for the first song of the spring; that does not preclude my eager listening for the gurgling beauty of a little waterfall in a forest glen; that does not prevent my hopes and dreams of a little lake whose waters are placid and blue and upon whose surrounding hills there stand the sentinel pines of the centuries!

I do not know all the problems of nature; I cannot solve them all; I cannot fathom them—but I know the *love* of nature! I know the beauty of a starlit sky; I know the majesty of the sea, and my face is yearning for the salt spray of the wind as I stand in the bow of the ship at sea! I can understand *that*! Although you can read the history of the ocean in one drop of sea water and the scientist, with his microscopes and tests can analyze the constituency of the sea by one drop of sea water, science isn't enough!

Why do you wait then, oh wearied soul; why do you tarry—trying to find life in excitement, in movement; exhausting the beauty of your emotional stabilization and the quiet enjoyment of the lovely and the beautiful things of life; ruining your bodies; blighting your souls with all this of earth! Denying yourselves the beauty and the peace and the poise and the power which comes with the Spirit of God—because you can't understand God! Why do you deny yourselves that because your little human intellect cannot reach out and encompass the *whole* of God? Listen to Proteus; Listen to St. Francis of Assisi; listen to Emerson; listen to the hearts who could not fathom through scientific, materialistic minds until they had answered all the questions of God and all the problems of religion and all the problems of Christ! Listen: "The heart hath reasons that the mind cannot know"—and you have the answer!

Go on with your science—it opens up a bigger world and creates a bigger God; go on with your study, your intellect, your laboratories, your telescopes, your microscopes; go on, go on trying to find the reality through knowledge! Continue it—it's good! But because you end with an interrogation point or a question mark, *don't* deny the presence of the eternal! Find your faith in that. The eternal is there, and real!

When the great John Fiske, Professor at Harvard University, was visiting the great philosopher Herbert Spencer in his home in England, John Fiske showed Herbert Spencer, one evening, a photograph of his picnic wagon and his little children and his beautiful wife back in Cambridge. And Herbert Spencer, the lonely philosopher, the man who tried to reason in everything; Herbert Spencer, living alone—no voice of a little child, no arms of a loving wife—alone with his great intellect, looked at that picture and wept! And Professor John Fiske wrote to Mrs. Fiske that night when he went back to his hotel: "My dear, when the great Herbert Spencer looked at our photograph of the childen in the picnic wagon tears came to his eyes! From Aristotle to Einstein" said Dr. Fiske, "that little picture of our children and you was worth *more* than *all the reason* in the mind of Herbert Spencer!"



BOOK CHATS

TO most Americans Albert Einstein is a sort of legendary figure, yet probably the work of no other single man has made so profund an impression on the life of the twentieth century as that of Albert Einstein.

On August 19th Doubleday & Company published *The Drama of Albert Einstein,* by Antonina Vallentin. The author is possibly best known for her magnifIcent life of Leonardo da Vinci. She has been called "a biographer of genius." She was born in Poland and at six started on a career of painting, but ten years later realized that her gifts were quite mediocre. She gave up painting and started on a course of self-education, and at seventeen entered the University of Lwow, where she specialized in art history of the Italian Renaissance. She then got a chance on the Berlin staff of the *Manchester Guardian.* Five years later she was one of the first women political journalists to be accredited to the League of Nations in Geneva. More newspaper work followed until she wrote her first biography, a life of Stresemann, the German statesman who, as foreign minister, took steps which led ultimately to the Locarno treaties and the admission of Germany to the League of Nations. He was awarded one-half of the Nobel peace prize for 1926. Since her biography of Stresemann, Antonina Vallentin has produced brilliant biographies of Heinrich Heine, Mirabeau, H. G. Wells, Da Vinci, and now the latest and finest, *The Drama of Albert Einstein.*

Antonina Vallentin's biography treats entirely in human terms of a man who has become a legend in his own lifetime. She writes with sharp insight. She has known Einstein well over a period of many years and, drawing on this extensive personal background, has written a life story that is sometimes amusing and often as suspenseful as a top-notch thriller. She has translated a drama of pure science into a wonderfully warm and human story. Her work is translated by Moura Budberg.

Einstein has never quite accepted the fact that he is a celebrity, according to this author, but it is a traveling companion always with him, irritating him by its very permanency. It is not part of his real nature and one has to forget about it to understand him properly.

He has caught the imagination of the man in the street all over the world. When a film on Einstein was shown at the Museum of Natural History in New York the scene became a riot. He has sometimes been made the subject of jokes. Two students in America once made a bet. They addressed an envelope to "Professor Albert Einstein, Europe." Except for the normal delay, it arrived at its destination and Mr. Einstein's only remark was "How excellent the postal service is."

The author describes him thus: "Today his appearance is unforgettable. It attracts immediate attention. One feels either immeasurably flattered or stupidly embarrassed whenever one is near Einstein. But he himself is impervious to the sensation he creates. . . . He was incidentally responsible for one of the rare revealing sentences about himself when he thanked G. B. Shaw for the flattering words 'addressed to my mythical namesake who

makes my life a singular burden'."

Albert Einstein's parents were freethinkers and their home was the town of Hechingen, in the Hohenzollern Sigmarigen region, which was the birthplace of the cousin who became his second wife. We are told there was a mellow atmosphere to this town, and religious tolerance existed quite naturally.

Albert was born at Ulm, a town still under Swabian influence, as was Hechingen. Later his parents settled in Munich, when Albert was one year old, and here was the background of his whole childhood. His father set up a small factory for electrical supplies. His elders spoke of him as a backward child, who learned to talk so late that his parents were quite upset about it. He continued to say very little, took in the outside world with difficulty, and revealed a deliberate slowness in all that he did, which irritated his teachers. He had a horror of unnecessary words.

At ten the god of discipline reigning in the German school and the teachers, with their military approach, belonged to the type of automaton which antagonized him. He classified this contemptible adversary later on as the "educational machine." And still later identified the tone and atmosphere of his schooldays with that of a barracks, the negation, in his opinion, of the human being.

His parents sent him to a Catholic primary school, where he was the only Jew in his class. His first religious education was lessons in the catechism. When faced with the more advanced educational machine of the grammar school, it was the boy himself who felt the need of escape from attempts to mold his mind, and find somewhere the comfort of solidarity. He deliberately assumed the position of a Jew, which isolated him from the others, as a starting point in this escape. He wished to liberate himself from purely personal links; to join something greater, something that was not within him. His mind was even then ready for great ambitions. "Perception of this world by thought, leaving out everything subjective," wrote Einstein, "became, partly consciously, partly unconsciously, my supreme aim."

The popularized scientific books which he devoured made him familiar with laws in striking discord with religious teachings. He became aware that in Bible stories many things "could not be true." From temporarily having undergone a religious fervor, he underwent a sudden and complete change of heart. Behind the need to find out where and by whom he had been duped, he recognized behind the rabbi and the priest a force which, disregarding liberty of thought, made religious education compulsory. He saw in the whole system of education a deliberate intention of the state to mislead youth. He remained skeptical in regard to all convictions imposed by a social scale and "this attitude, like suspicion, never abandoned me," he wrote, "although some of its violence was removed when I understood better the relations of casuality." But even in his childhood Albert Einstein did not allow disillusionment to lead him to a denial of wider aspirations. "A concept of the world removed from the myopia of personal interests, a concept within the limits of his intellectual comprehension, remained his ultimate aim at that time." "For a man like me," he recalls, "the change brought by development lies in the fact that the principal interest detaches itself, little by little, and more and more, from all that is transitory and personal, in order to devote itself to the task of comprehending life through thought."

One day when Einstein was about

five, he received a compass from his father. "The parents were amazed when they saw the child, usually phlegmatic and absentminded, show a passionate interest for the little finger that vibrated of its own accord as though propelled by a mysterious force. He had already realized the relation existing between an external cause and the effect; he knew that things moved because they were touched. But this finger of the compass behaved in a manner that never ceased to surprise him and for which he found no explanation. An infinitesimal seed must have been sown at that moment." "The evolution of our world of ideas," Einstein says, recalling this scene of his early childhood, "is in a certain sense a constant struggle against the 'miraculous.' " At the age of 12, a textbook on Euclidean geometry left an enormous impression on him. He later wrote: "Anyone who was not transported by this book in youth was not born to be a theoretical searcher." He realized for the first time that "man was capable, through the force of thought alone, of achieving the degree of stability and purity which the Greeks, before anybody else, demonstrated to us in geometry." With this revelation of stability and purity within the reach of human effort, the author tells us the young man felt the ground firm under his feet.

Einstein always battled against being encumbered with things. He realized vividly the futility of the hopes and aspirations that most men pursue throughout their lives. He "traveled light." "Well-being and happiness," he wrote one day, "never appeared to me as absolute aims. I am even inclined to compare such moral aims to the ambitions of a pig."

He firmly refuses to adapt himself to the demands of his fame. When told "This is done," he inquiries "Why is it done?" He prefers old clothes and gives away luxurious gifts to some poor wretch whom he can persuade to hurry off discreetly with his parcel before the family notices it. When asked why he went without a hat in the rain, he said laughing: "My hat dries less quickly than my hair—surely that is obvious." Once he was wearing shoes but no socks and explained triumphantly: "I've discovered that one can easily wear shoes without socks—socks, you know, get holes in them—my wife does nothing but mend them. I'll never wear any again now that I can do without them."

"All his life he has retained a distaste for education when it stuffs young minds with facts, names, or formulae. He is apt to say that one need not go to a university to learn these—they can be found in books. Education should be devoted wholly to helping young people to *think,* to give them the training no textbook can provide. 'It is truly a miracle that modern education hasn't stifled the sacred curiosity of research.' " he said. . . . " 'I believe that you could even ruin the appetite of a healthy animal if you forced it to eat under the threat of a whip, even when it is not hungry, and especially if you made an appropriate choice of the food it must swallow.' " Examinations made him feel as if he were living under the threat of the guillotine. "The constraint was so terrifying that after I had passed the final examination, I found myself unable to think of any scientific problem for almost a year." He regretted the time formal schooling had taken out of his life. He longed to be a teacher, a professor, but universities refused to appoint him, because of his independence of thought. But he never harbors grudges and burst into laughter when he received an honorary degree from the university at Zurich, as he answered and thanked them—this Alma Mater that had

shown so little initial interest in him, and had at one time refused him a job. He loves an explanation to be exact and clear. He claims "If it is something that one can understand, one can also explain it clearly."

He was often very, very poor, and without sufficient food. He finally secured a job in the Federal Patent Office of Bern, Switzerland. He had become a Swiss citizen. He then attacked the problem of light rays which had haunted him ever since he was sixteen. He contributed many articles to specialized publications. His article "A New Definition of Molecular Dimensions," was to give him his chance at a university career. "Another dealt with the quantum law of the emission and absorption of light and explained the phenomenon known in physics as 'photo-electrical effect.' The principle formulated by Einstein has influenced research in the physics of the quantum and spectroscopy everywhere. His formulation of this law gave birth to television and other applications of the photoelectric cell. This was the contribution that won for him the Nobel Prize."

"Einstein not only reconsidered theories of physics and questioned mechanical laws that had seemed safe against attack, but in his outline of the theory of relativity, as well as in a short article—the fifth—which appeared in the *Year Book of Physics* under the title 'Does the Inertia of a Body Depend on Its Energy Content?' he gave warning of a power that was to shake the world. For the first time the formula rendering the use of atomic energy theoretically possible appeared in print, and the possibility of annihilating humanity became a subject of speculation. The old concept of our universe had been upset by one man. Writing about the consideration of all values that began to take place, Bachelard raised the question: 'Is so little required to shake a spatial universe? Can a single experiment of the twentieth century annihilate (a follower of Sartre would plunge into nothingness) more than two or three centuries of rational thought? Yes, a single decimal sufficed.' . . . Once again Einstein's work was met with curious indifference. . . . Professor Infeld describes the years of silence that followed. . . .

"A long way from Zurich, in the University of Cracow, a Polish professor, Witkowski, exclaimed on reading the article: 'A new Copernicus has been born.' "

In 1910, when he was just over thirty, Einstein was granted a Chair at the German University of Prague. Friedrich Adler was a rival to this position. Adler's father was leader of the Austrian Social Democrat Party and had a large following abroad. But integrity was a god to Friedrich Adler and he stood aside and said "If we can win a man like Einstein for our university, it would be ridiculous to nominate me." Adler's political convictions were well known and in a particularly critical moment in the First World War, he walked into a Vienna restaurant and shot the Prime Minister, Count Stürgkh, because he held him responsible for the disastrous and long-drawn-out war.

On the eve of Adler's death sentence, he was correcting a paper of his own, refuting the theory of relativity. But that theory was by then so well established in the scientific world that it was on the strength of the arguments Adler expressed against it that an attempt was made to save his life on the grounds he was out of his mind at the moment of the murder.

(*The Drama of Albert Einstein* will be concluded in our November number.)

ALONG THE WAY

(*Continued from page* 8)

beautiful and meaningful as the years pass. I am convinced that if the people, I don't mean merely diplomats, prime ministers, presidents and generals, but if the people of the countries of the world could only know each other better as people, we could create the environment for peace and understanding. People are people everywhere. ter as people, we would create the en- Their heartaches, their disappointments, their tragedies, their ideals, their ambitions, their hopes are all interwoven into one fabric of humanity. As I went to the stern of the ship on my way to Scotland, I watched the receding shores of the Irish coast fade into the deepening shadows of the day, and I was grateful for the friendship, the esteem and the love which I have in my heart for my friends in Ireland.

* * *

I am writing this month's *Along the Way* just after our opening service of the church for this season. The weather was kind; it was one of the most beautiful days of the whole summer. When I stood in the vestry and heard the first familiar notes of our processional I had an indescribable feeling, one I cannot make articulate to you. It was the first Sunday of my 43rd year in the pulpit of our church and as the Choir entered the sanctuary with the processional, there were a few measures when all the memories of the years and of the many other opening services and the many loved ones who were there, and the many friends all seemed to bring a moment of unutterable feeling. It was a great congregation, not only in numbers but in the spirit which prevailed throughout the service. As I opened the door and walked to the pulpit it seemed to me I could hear everyone say "We are glad you are back." It created an atmosphere of encouragement for me. As we begin this year together, let us all re-consecrate and re-dedicate ourselves to the work which is before us and may our church increasingly become a citadel of inspiration and hope to all who enter its portals.

I am grateful for the many welcoming cards and telegrams and letters which I received and also for the many letters and messages which came to me for my birthday on the 18th of August. They were all read with great joy and cherished with an ever-deepening love. But the most pleasant surprise of all as a reminder of my birthday and a remembrance as well of the finest man I have ever known, my father, I had presented to me from all the organizations of the church—a beautiful planter-floorlamp which I am virtually unable to describe. My father, as I have so often told you, was a blacksmith, and this beautiful planter-floorlamp consisted of real tongs, two or three horseshoes, the blacksmith's hammer, the bellows,—everything which I have seen my father use in the days of my childhood in his blacksmith shop, connected with the shoeing of horses. Just above the receptacle holding these tools was a metal container in which was a beautiful growing plant, and above this the light, under a Grandma Moses lampshade, and hanging on a crosspiece projecting under the light, a quaint little kerosene cast-iron lantern, a replica of which hung in my father's blacksmith shop. The whole was made out of maple, except for the tools, which were of cast-iron, and is a product of Amling's Florist Shop. I was all but breathless when I first saw it, and shall always preserve it carefully in our Island home, as a memento of

the devotion of my friends and a tribute to my father as well, on my birthday. Every organization of the church had a part in making this gift possible and it was brought to the Island by the one who first discovered it, Mrs. Helen Blessing Eddins, and my Study secretary, Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, who accompanied her.

I shall try to meet the responsibilities before me in the difficult condition in which we find ourselves as a world. Your attendance, your financial assistance, your work for the church, will result I am convinced in our having one of the best years we have had together. In this spirit and with this devotion may we face the future. I will tell you more about my summer next month.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

OUR DELIGHTFUL Fall weather seems well under way in Chicago today as I start this Mail Bag article. I can well sing our city's praises, as the cool breezes blow and the sun shines bright, after a trek across the Painted Desert and other arid regions on our Southern route back from the Pacific. Not that I was uncomfortable in the vivid sunlight of the plains (or do you call them plains when there is no green grass in sight?). It had been very raw, cold and rainy as we came down from Vancouver Island across Washington, Oregon and northern California. At San Francisco the sun burst full upon us and it was welcome! In fact we had either sunlight or beautiful moonlight all the way home from the Coast.

Such an amazing trip as I have had! How can one tell of this vast country in any manner but to take a microscope, literally and figuratively, and hold it over each of our important and interesting states?

Some readers may remember the pageant I described seeing in St. Gallen, Switzerland, in which each canton was represented. What a pageant we might have here in America! It would be talked about the world over for months and months afterward. Why doesn't some movie producer undertake a United States series and present dramatically the wonders and interests of each of our States? The educational value, if it were done with historical accuracy would be of inestimable value to our young people, not to leave out the oldsters either. It would create such an interest in our great country that it would do more to stimulate an appreciation of our blessings than anything else I can think of. It might even have a greater effect on the rest of the world than all our military preparations put together! No country outside of our hemisphere can have any conception of the vastness of the American "empire."

I have been asked to tell a little of our trip (for there were two of us) and to show colored slides of it at the Men's Club on Tuesday, October 26th. So because we are a bit crowded for space this month in our Liberalist, I shall give the rest of this Mail Bag over

to the actual Mail Bag itself and let you look in on some of the mail that has arrived during the summertime.

* * *

Our famous and favorite organist, Prof. LeRoy Wetzel, wrote from Los Angeles, sending a memorandum of his musical selections for our Opening Sunday Service. Enclosed with his note were a Bulletin and a Sunday Calendar of the Westwood Community Methodist Church, of Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles. This is one of the very beautiful churches of L.A., and one which I saw from the outside only as we did not stay in L.A. long enough to attend a service there.

In the four-page church bulletin which Mr. Wetzel sent, was a fine picture of him seated at the organ console and the following item was printed beneath it:

"LeRoy Wetzel, who will be our guest organist at the Sunday morning worship services during the month of August, will be the featured Organist at the Vesper Hour next Sunday evening at 7:30. Appearing with him will be Patricia Beams, soprano soloist. Miss Beams' numbers will include J. S. Bach's 'Sheep May Safely Graze,' 'More Things are Wrought by Prayer' by E. R. Warren, and the beautiful 'O Divine Redeemer' by Charles Gounod.

"The program of organ music to be played by Mr. Wetzel, organist-conductor-composer for The People's Church of Chicago, Illinois, of which Dr. Preston Bradley is pastor, will include:

'Prelude and Fugue in E minor' (Bach); 'Pastorale from Le Prologue de Jesus', Gagliardi, 'Basso Ostinato' and 'In Memoriam' (Karg-Elert).

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lomas, former residents of Evanston, Illinois, and old friends of the Organist, now members of our Church, will be hosts at an informal reception following Vespers, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. James Greathead."

It would seem that Prof. Wetzel emulates Dr. Bradley in taking a busman's holiday for a vacation. They both acquire a change of scene, but both of them keep in practice at their chosen professions. Two examples of boundless energy.

* * *

Our readers will be interested I know in the letter which follows from Mrs. Herbert E. Bradley (Mary Hastings Bradley), successful novelist and African explorer.

Mary Hastings Bradley began to write when she was 14 and made the Sunday supplement of the Chicago Tribune at 15. She took her degree from Smith College, studied in England, with some travel in Europe and Egypt. She came home and married Herbert Edwin Bradley, a Chicago attorney. She had been contributing meanwhile to Cosmopolitan, Munsey's, The Woman's Home Companion, and other magazines. Her novel "Favor of Kings" appeared in 1912, after which she continued to write fiction steadily. She is not alone a successful novelist; she is noted as an African explorer and as a writer about Africa and its wild life. She accompanied her husband on Carl E. Akeley's famous expedition, sent by the American Museum of Natural History to obtain gorillas in Belgian Congo. She made a second expedition into the Belgian Congo with her husband in 1924 and was a member of the first party to traverse the region west of Lake Edward. In 1925 she went after tigers in Sumatra and Indo-China, and in 1931 returned again to Africa to the scene of the Pygmy villages. Her travels resulted in such well-known books as "Caravans and Cannibals," "On the Gorilla

Trail" and "Trailing the Tiger"; and in such books for younger readers as "Alice in Jungleland" and "Alice in Elephant Land." These latter two were illustrated by her daughter Alice, who accompanied her to Africa.

As a companion piece to Edith Wharton's stories of Old New York, Mrs. Bradley wrote four stories of Old Chicago: "The Fort," "The Duel," "Debt of Honor," and "Metropolis." These were reprinted for Chicago's World's Fair in 1933.

Dear Preston Bradley:

I am sending you a book—not that you have time to read a book, but just because I want to send it to you. It is the stories of Old Chicago done a long while ago as a companion piece to Edith Wharton's stories of Old New York, and then reprinted for Chicago World's Fair.

Some time I shall rewrite some of it. Every fact in it is historical—I am very proud that Milo Quaife praised the accuracy of the massacre story. Many of the later social stories I got from my Grandmother, Mrs. Frederick Rickcords, and Mrs. Meeker.

My Grandparents, the Rickcords, came out in '56. Frederick Rickcords was a young Englishman who came over with some letters from England to find out what was happening to some family money in a place called Chicago. He fell in love with a New England girl, and she came out as a bride. What was happening to the money was that it was invested in the old Banks House and the cashier ran out the door as he saw them coming! Grandfather was apparently very English—never indulged in trade—but did buy and sell land and lived very much an English life out on the old West Side where he could have space around him then. He died before I was born, but my little Grandmother lived to eighty-five so I have heard a good deal of the past. She was one of the six founders of the Sunday School that preceded the old Union Park Congregational Church, and to this day I keep a membership in that church because of the family life and work that has gone into it. She was also one of the old sponsors of the old Theological Seminary and in my young days when I lived out on the North Shore (my Mother was a widow; my Kentucky Father dying before I was born) that theological community was a good deal like a small town. Doctor and Mrs. Herrick —the Doctor who has just died—were pillars of it. Well, you asked me once about my Chicago background so here is the story of the life.

My ancestors were all clergymen or teachers so my husband says it is no wonder that speechmaking came natural to me! And you see why Chicago is so much my home that I could never bear to leave it.

Dear Preston Bradley, I shall never forget the warmth and loving kindness of not only your introduction of me but of the others—that feeling that you gave to that meeting as master of ceremonies made it a very special thing.

Well, this is turning into a saga. Please don't trouble to acknowledge this little book. I mean this, because I know something of what the demands on you are. I will be seeing you from afar on the twenty-second.

With every good wish in the world to you and your wife for a safe and happy trip,

With sincerest appreciation,
Mary Hastings Bradley.

The meeting to which Mary Hastings Bradley refers was the Annual Shakespeare Dinner of the Friends of Literature, at which Dr. Bradley is

always the Master of Ceremonies; and the meeting to which she was looking forward was the Author's Luncheon given by the Friends of the Chicago Library at which Dr. Bradley was honored.

There is still time before the winter's crop of new books comes out for our readers to go back and read these four books on old Chicago, which were daintily boxed in one case, as one of The Old City Fiction Series, and in those "good old days" were priced "the four books boxed—$5.00."

* * *

Here is a quote from a beautiful spirit who lives in Fruitport, Michigan:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Congratulations to you as you approach another milestone on the Road of Life! May this next mile be your best. Not only has God blessed you with long life, but He has blessed us by giving us such a dynamic force.

After several of the Liberalists have accumulated, I re-read your "Along the Way" and find they are just like a personal contact—each is so typical of your life. The sermons surely are outstanding, and having listened intently as they were first delivered, it is a pleasure to pass them on. It would be hard to select a favorite.

I was in the Peoples Church at that great service April 4th, and it was a turning point in my life. I know that I shall never again be able to attend there, but I cannot be pried from my chair as the first strains of music fill our home with the Holy Spirit each Sunday. Nothing—no Church, no pastor, no force — which comprises the closer or more physical aspect of life has so influenced my whole being as those services.

If you'd have me, Dr. Bradley, I'd like to join your Church and make it mine. A little self-analysis makes me feel I'd qualify, although I realize full well just how frail and feeble I am.

Please put this small offering to work as you see fit.

Sincerely,
Dorothy C. Braun.

Beautiful Bazaar Donations Arriving

Would you like to receive an Admiral 1955-model, 21-inch TV Console Set? Or perhaps, if you are a woman, you would prefer the Elizabeth Arden $148.50 (including tax) fitted Cosmetic Case. Then there's a Broil Quick, Chef Model Broiler; also a Persian Paw Fur Jacket. These are a few among the many items already donated which are to be won by someone as prizes at the 43rd ANNUAL PEOPLES CHURCH BAZAAR.

The dates of the Bazaar, November 11th and 12th. Are you ready for it? Have you thought about what you will contribute? Has your favorite tradesman made a donation?

All donations gratefully received at the Church Office, 941 Lawrence Avenue, from 10 a.m. until 3:00 p.m. or before or after any church event or service. Phone LOngbeach 1-6878 if donations require transportation.

The Following New Members Were Welcomed Into The Peoples Church on Sunday, June 13, 1954

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Esdale
Mrs. Sue Hunter
Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Hyde
Mt. Prospect, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene A. Lawing, Jr.
Mrs. George C. Olcott,
of Lotus, California
Mr. Russell Parker
Mr. and Mrs. Hans Schlimmer
Mrs. Lillian A. Schmidt, from
Community Church of Park Ridge, Ill.
Miss Carol Lynne Thomas
Mr. and Mrs. William J. Wolff
Mr. Earle Worthington

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Ronald Walrath, Director Religious Education ..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon
Sunday Evening Service (Opening November 7th) ..... 7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (Opening November 3rd) ..... 8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Monday, Oct. 11, 1:00 p.m., Anderson Hall—Music and Drama Dept. Pianist, Evelyn Malouf; Humorous Readings by Virginia Temple. Chairmen, Mrs. George P. Hettinger and Mrs. Carl Marinello ..... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, Oct. 25th, Anderson Hall—Legislature Dept. Reciprocity Day. Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, Chairman. For further announcement see church calendar. 1:00 p.m.
Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 4th and 5th, Anderson Hall, all day, Rummage Sale. Philanthropy Dept., Mrs. A. H. Barnett and Mrs. J. Tolk, Chairmen ..... All day
Men's Club—Tuesday, October 26th, Ladies' Night, Public Invited. Ethel Wells Smalley, Sec. to Dr. Bradley and Asst. to the Editor of The Liberalist, will speak on "Touring With Helen," and will show colored slides of Switzerland, Canada and the United States. Refreshments. Guest fee 50c. Anderson Hall... 8:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, October 12, Anderson Hall. Open meeting. Guest speaker, Dr. Bradley, in a Book Review. Music by Arthur Couture. Community singing. Refreshments. No guest fee. Public welcome.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*
Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Fridays, Sec., Mary McCoy, 1060 Wilson Ave. (40). UPtown 8-4567 ..... 8:00 p.m.
Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday, Church Auditorium, during church season—New members welcomed ..... 8:00 p.m.
Usher's Club—Secretary, Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning during the church season ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

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